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THE
ROYAL MANUAL.
A
POEM.

Suppos'd to have been Written

By ANDREW MARVEL.

And now FIRST PUBLISH'D.

*Os tenerum pueri balbumque Poeta figurat :
Torquet ab obscœnis jam nunc sermonibus aurem :
Mox etiam pectus præceptis format amicis ;
Asperitatis & Invidiæ corrector & Iræ.*

Hor. Ep. ad Augustum.

L O N D O N :

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INTRODUCTION.



S they, who take this Poem into their hands, will probably like to have some account given of it; such as, When it was written? Who, may be suppos'd to have been the Author? How it came not to be publish'd before? and why it is publish'd now? I am to inform them that I, the Editor, happening very lately to be seiz'd with a fit of curiosity, began to turn over some old family Manuscripts; which, ever since the death of my father, that is, for above twenty years, being thrown together into an old box, had lain neglected hitherto, out of (what I should be asham'd to own) an implicit persuasion I was under that they could contain little or nothing of any importance. For my two immediate Progenitors, (of whom only I concluded these monuments had been the productions,) were both of them Clergymen; of which Profession, I myself also, however unworthy, have the honour to be.

However, as I shall deal ingenuously, I must confess my inquiry prov'd, in the general, but a dull entertainment; and, as I was going, once more, to consecrate the venerable reliques to oblivion, I chanc'd to cast my eyes upon a bundle of papers, tied together with a piece of old black ferreting, and endors'd, in my Grandfather's Hand, *Mr. M's Hymn*. Which superscription, as I have ever been an humble and distant admirer of the Muses, prevail'd

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with me to unty the bundle; where I found this Hymn; transcrib'd in my Grandfather's Hand; and with it the two following Letters: The first, directed to my Grandfather, and written in a hand I was a stranger to, was this.

Reverend Divine,

“ Although I believe you do not want to be told how indifferently I stand affected to most of the folk of your cloth, of whatever denominations, yet I shall declare (what I suspect your modesty may never have suffer'd you to conclude) that I have long since, enter'd your Name in my scanty list of frank, candid, and ingenuous Friends; and therefore have us'd so much freedom with you as to send you (to be applied to such use as you may judge it most fit for) the herewith inclosed Hymn: being a version, or rather, paraphrase, from the original *Greek*; of one, out of a pretty large collection of pieces, of the same kind; contain'd in a bulky volume of miscellaneous tracts, by several hands: a copy of which, it is confidently reported, had a place in the famous Library of *Ptolemai Philadelphus*, King of *Egypt*; that noble repository of every curious and esteem'd Book in the, then, known, World; and which, with all its valuable furniture, was unfortunately reduc'd to ashes in the time of *Julius Cæsar*. This, for its antiquity; and there is reason to believe it to be much older. But, to come to my point; You are to know I have entertain'd some thoughts of committing it to the press; that, as the making this Version of it in our mother Tongue, has been to myself the innocent amusement of a few leisure hours, the perusal may serve to divert those that will vouchsafe to give it a reading, in the same manner: to say nothing of my hope that it may be adopted and us'd as a constant manual of devotions by many; who may happen to nauseate the tedious extemporary vociferations, or rather eructations, of some; and the inadequate and spiritless forms, customarily repeated, by others, of the mystagogic vocation. I have already submitted it to the censure of our judicious friend Mr. *Milton*; who has no material objection to it; and has made, in it, two or
“ three

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“ three slight alterations, with his own hand: but seems to think it
 “ might have been as well without the Rhyme. He says, he has in-
 “ deed himself, in those few sallies he made upon *Pegasus* in his
 “ younger years, complied with the fashion of the times; but, is de-
 “ termin’d, if favour’d with health and leisure, one time or other, to
 “ attempt somewhat of the epic kind, in plain measure, without any
 “ jingle at the ends of the verses. However, says he, I think the
 “ method you have taken of alternate Rhyme (as the *Westminster*
 “ Boy has done in his Verses upon the late Protector) is somewhat
 “ better than if the same sound had return’d at the end of every
 “ couplet. He took notice that I seem’d industriously to have avoided
 “ rendering the *Greek* *Κυριος* by our English word *Lord*. I answer’d,
 “ his observation was right; and that I had done it because I thought
 “ that word, so long prostituted to another meaning, tended to debase
 “ the Idea we ought to have of Him, of whom it is speaking but
 “ meanly to say He is *Dominus Dominantium*. He said he thought
 “ my notion was just: and further, that, as he had observ’d the word
 “ *Θεος* (by us always render’d *God*) had not been us’d, in this piece,
 “ above once; and that, not by way of invocation; he could have
 “ wish’d the Great Author of the Universe were never to be call’d by
 “ any special Name at all; which, he said, might be a means of cut-
 “ ting up by the root the occasion of that prophane violation of the
 “ Name he is usually known by, with which our ears are so con-
 “ tinually pester’d, in the streets and other places frequented by the
 “ rabble. By the by, says he, although we have now at length made
 “ it so, *God* is not, properly and originally speaking, a word denoting
 “ the Deity, but only one of its three principal attributes, the *Platonic*
 “ *Ταγαθον*, in the *Saxon* tongue *Gode*; and, long since, applied to fig-
 “ nify the Infinite Nameless Being: But, injudiciously I think; as it is
 “ making two words, *God* and *Good*, out of one; which by long
 “ usage, are now become so distinct as that it is not look’d upon as
 “ any impropriety to make the one an epithet to the other, and to say
 “ *Good God!* which cannot but favour somewhat of the solecism kind
 “ to the grammatic taste of him who has but a smattering of anti-
 “ quity. He further added, however I do not see that you need be
 “ in

I N T R O D U C T I O N.

“ in any haste in the publication of it: let some others of your
 “ friends see it first; he nam'd you in particular; and try, says he,
 “ whether you can puzzle them with your enigmatic account of the
 “ Original; I am confident your friend *Randolph C----*, the honest
 “ Vicar, as you are wont to call him, will shew you the head of
 “ your *Nile* at once. Thus, my Reverend, you see, in some measure,
 “ what these Papers are; and to what end they are sent to you. Treat
 “ them with that honest plain dealing which their owner has, for
 “ several years, with great pleasure, experienc'd at your hands: and,
 “ if you will freely give them such chastisement as you may, per-
 “ haps justly, think they want; be assur'd it shall be taken in good
 “ part, by,

“ *My very worthy Friend,*

“ *Yours, in all sincerity,*

“ Decemb. 31. 1658.

A. M.

I am not old enough to remember any thing of my Grandfather,
 tho' he liv'd six or seven years after the Revolution, the time of my
 birth. But I have heard my father say that he had often heard his
 father speak, with much esteem, of a Gentleman whose name was
Marvel; as one, with whom he had, formerly had the honour of
 being intimately acquainted. But whether that name were intended
 by the M, at the bottom of the foregoing letter, I will not presume to
 determin; tho', from some circumstances, I think it not improbable.

In the next place I subjoin, what appears, unquestionably, to have
 been my Grandfather's answer to it.

“ *My much honoured Friend,*

“ (For such your Goodness has embolden'd me to style you) If the
 “ little Taste and less judgment I have in versification do not deceive
 “ me, your *Hymn* is an incomparable performance; and instead of
 “ being chastis'd, well deserves to be commended; and that, by those
 “ who have a Genius better adapted for such a work than mine is.
 “ Yet I shall not dissemble that I do not concur, in every point, with
 “ what

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“ what you lay down concerning it. I think, most worthy Sir, I see
 “ clearly that what you call the *Greek* Original, is by no means such;
 “ but itself no other than a translation of something primarily written
 “ in one of the more Eastern Tongues. I am further of opinion that,
 “ although it does not certainly appear who the first Author was, he
 “ was no private person, but a King; one, who was well acquainted
 “ with that *Monarchic State*, and those practices of *Court Sycophants*,
 “ which you introduce him as mentioning with such detestation. But,
 “ at the same time, by some other tracks, I am led to believe that his
 “ Monarchy was of the mix'd kind; and lay, as it were, in the
 “ middle, between the two extremes of absolute Tyranny and licen-
 “ tious Democracy; hedg'd about with just and proper limitations;
 “ so as to give Him scope to do as much good as He pleas'd, but re-
 “ strain'd Him from attempting any Acts of Injustice toward his
 “ people: in a word, that he was bound to govern Himself by the
 “ same laws as he did them: and, in just such a manner as You and
 “ I, and, I trust, all honest men, would be * glad to see our own dear
 “ Country governed. Therefore I cannot but think this piece, which
 “ you call an *Hymn*, but is indeed *fasciculus hymnorum*, each of which
 “ contains Supplications, Thanksgivings, Meditations, and Reflections
 “ upon the nature and attributes of the Deity, might, not improperly,
 “ be styl'd *The Royal Manual*; being so well suited, as it is, to
 “ prompt a Prince's thoughts when he retires to his closet: nor can I
 “ forbear to envy the felicity of those, who shall happen to be blest'd
 “ in a Ruler, so dispos'd as, only once a Day, to give it a serious
 “ reading: as what, I conceive, would greatly tend to the crowning
 “ Him with everlasting Glory, and the perpetuating Them in a sweet
 “ and a secure tranquillity. This is the sincere opinion of, my most
 “ honoured and worthy friend, Yours, in all hearty wishes for your
 “ health and prosperity in all things.

R. C.

January 6, 1658-9.

* It must be remember'd that this was written, after the Death of *Oliver*, about a Year
 and a half before the Restoration; when *there was no King in Israel*, and every man did that
 which was right in his own eyes.

To

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To these elucidations I shall add no more, than that, after having perus'd Mr. *M*'s performance several times, with inexpressible pleasure, I could not avoid looking upon it as a Thing well deserving to be sent abroad into the World; even at this time; when shewing a regard for Instruments of Devotion seems to have little or no place among the Entertainments of either the great or small Vulgar.

I know not how justly, but I could not but approve my good Grandfather's Opinion, as to the Title: to which therefore I make no addition. And as he seems, as well as the Compiler, to have affected the industriously concealing his Surname; by having left us no more than the initial letter of it; I look upon myself as, in some measure, bound to observe the same Decorum, in regard to both: Not seeing what benefit could arise to the Public if I were both able and willing to communicate that particular: persuaded as I am, that the Approbation and Compliance of Mankind, in regard to Instruction of any sort, should not, fairly and honestly speaking, be attempted to be procur'd by Names, so much as by the Evidences arising from the examination of plain Truth; sum'd up by the Judgment of their own impartial understanding.





THE
ROYAL MANUAL.

I.

HAPPY the Man, whose reason-tutor'd Soul,
On acts of Rectitude devoutly bent,
Lives, bound by none but the Divine Controul,
Observant of his Maker's high Intent.

No task, I ween, disgustful; to restrain,
From speech opprobrious, the wanton Tongue;
Not to vex Any, or to give them pain
By fraud or violence in tortuous Wrong.

B

O,

O, that the constant tenor of my ways
Were, with such careful application, wrought,
That I might, fearless, spend my scanty days
In learning Truth, and doing as I ought.

Then would my heart with grateful Joy o'erflow
While I reflected on thy wond'rous Law:
Nor wouldst Thou, as with steady Faith I know,
Thy gracious Light from my pursuit withdraw.

II.

See, in his bold career, th'impetuous Youth
Grow gently tractable and mildly good;
When the kind balm of Thy ambrosial Truth
Allays his ardour and refines his blood.

Thy Laws, through Reason's optics, he beholds,
Amaz'd; and, ravish'd with the glorious sight,
Their striking beauties in his breast infolds,
And cherishes, with warmth, the strange delight.
In

In tattling strain, impatient to declare
A bliss that satisfies but never cloy,
With lips, conciliating the list'ning ear,
He boasts of favours and uncommon joys.

Let me, dear Truth, he cries, unsham'd display
The op'ning beauties of thy heav'nly Will;
And ev'ry branch of thy transporting Way,
In ev'ry point, with ardency, fulfill.

III.

Grant me to live a while, Thou Good supreme;
With no mean view the largests I implore:
Thy lovely Wisdom is my daily Theme:
Let me then live to wonder and adore.

I, stranger-like, unknowing and unknown,
An object of compassion from the birth,
Like a poor shipwreck'd mariner, was thrown,
Helpless and weak, upon the wide-spread Earth.

When, all my wants, Thy timely Love supplied:

Instructed by Thy Light, my thinking Part,
Beheld, at Thy rebuke, the fall of pride,
And saw the wringings of the Tyrants heart.

From shame of conscious guilt, O, keep me free:

Let me be Good: I wish not to be Great:
Nor would exchange my loyalty to Thee
For the false glitter of monarchic State.

IV.

But, to Thy Dispensations humbly just,
I will confess my gross terrestrial Share,
Sometimes, inclining to its native dust,
Would fain be groveling and clinging there.

Yet there, Thy blending Pow'r my Soul discerns;
Ev'n there, Thy pleasure-giving Purport fees;
Thy Lessons, wrapt in sweet attention, learns;
And revels in the Bliss of Thy Decrees.

Some-

Sometimes, unguarded when attack'd by Grief,
My tender heart dissolv'd in sorrow lies:
Yet then, well-weigh'd, Thy measures give relief,
And gleams of comfort in my breast arise.

False fears, avaunt: let heav'n-born Truth appear:
Passions, your feuds to Her award submit.
Be thou unlock'd, my bosom; and prepare,
For the fair Guest a receptacle fit.

V.

May She, undress'd, in all my thoughts preside;
And, where I doubt, direct me in the Way.
While lovely She vouchsafes to be my Guide,
From the right paths of Life I cannot stray.

May no ambition of superfluous gain,
In wealth or pow'r, possess my anxious mind.
For, while Thy precious Dictates I maintain,
My Soul all, needful, requisites will find.

From

From vain pursuits avert my curious Eye;
Left I incur, unthinking, Thy reproof.
Yet, who Thy Judgments rightly can apply,
Will find them kindly tend to their behoof.

All Thy Injunctions let me dearly love:
O quicken, and from wand'ring keep me free:
Let my reflections turn on Things above;
And all my inclinations point to Thee.

VI.

That I may vindicate Thy sacred Name,
And to the unbelieving Fool impart
Mature conviction or incessant shame,
Stablish Thy wholesome Statutes in my heart.

Strong let me reason; let me clearly speak
The things that Thy eternal Being prove;
Obvious and plain to all that duly seek,
The Spring of sweet Benignity and Love.

By

By Thee conducted, widely will I roam,
Nor dread the unrelenting Tyrants hands:
Each realm, where'er I go, shall be my home;
Inspir'd, in each, I'll publish Thy Commands.

To all, Thy Counsils, rightly understood,
Will minister ineffable delight:
And to know Thee, All-pow'rful, Wise, and Good,
With joy will crown the Day, with peace the Night.

VII.

For, let me ramble wheresoe'er I will,
Thou Good, I cannot be depriv'd of Thee:
Thy active Impulse will attend me still;
And in Thy Presence I shall ever be.

Sneer then, ye shallow witlings, with false taste,
What you miscall credulity, deride:
So firm the pillar of my Hope is plac'd,
I scorn your scorning and despise your pride.

Yet,

Yet, on your efforts vain when I reflect,
 And view, with horror, your impending fate;
 Humane concern outweighing cold neglect
 Inclines me to lament your woful state.

Would ye be happy? first, be good and wise;
 Know your selves, Mortals; was my daily Song.
 For Love, exchange your savage cruelties;
 For Justice, your ill-custom'd ways of wrong.

VIII.

O Thou, that, ev'ry where, art ev'ry Thing,
 In all Thy Ways Immense and Unconfin'd;
 To Thee my vow'd oblations let me bring;
 The best I have, an inoffensive mind.

When my late evil habits I review,
 Weigh'd in the ballance of Thy equal Law,
 With double speed my Duty I pursue,
 And to thy Testimonies nearer draw.

Let

Let others rapine, by injustice, gain;
And wake and watch t' augment their wretched store;
Thy love my midnight thoughts shall entertain:
Grant me this pleasure, and I ask no more.

Be my companions such as justly fear
Thy well-known Ordinances to transgress:
Who Thy wise Edicts seriously revere,
Discern Thy Goodness and Thy Pow'r confess.

IX.

Thy various dealings with such Grace abound,
That ev'ry instance of Thy heav'nly Will
May, for Thy vassals, be convenient found;
And that Thy punishments are Favours still.

Before Thy scourge chastis'd my careless flesh,
Not heeding Thee, I negligently stray'd;
But, by thy Censure quicken'd, I afresh
Perceiv'd Thy righteous Judgments and obey'd.
C Soon

Soon as I fell a victim to the proud,
Whose heart, by curdling rancour, was obdur'd,
The Justice of Thy Ways I strait allow'd
And future Peace by growing wise secur'd.

I felt, and own it, with a grateful Sense,
That Love inwrapt in thy Correction dwells;
And that the wealth Thy wise Consults dispense,
Millions of mine-embowel'd ore excells.

X.

My outward fabric, and my inward frame
Exist persuant to Thy mighty Word.
Let me then honour Thy mysterious Name,
Nor flight the joys Thy living Works afford.

I know that both, of texture weak and frail,
Haste on to dissolution ev'ry hour,
Nay, ev'ry moment; and would nought avail
Unless sustain'd by Thy resistless Pow'r.

My

My gracious Maker, let Thy further aid
Thy slave, abetting in all health, preserve;
That I may wait Thy Promise undismay'd,
Nor ever, meanly, from my Duty, swerve.

Then they, that like the module of Thy Laws,
And dare be virtuous and in reas'ning free,
Will, in support of such a glorious Cause,
Chuse to associate themselves with me.

XI.

Yet the sharp pangs successive to my crimes
So deeply have impress'd my grief-ful mind;
That, when I ruminate on former times,
I faint, and long Thy healing Love to find.

With sore regret I see my wrinkled skin,
Like leather, shrivel'd by the wintry frost;
And my sad spirit, when I look within,
O'erwhelm'd with shame, and in confusion lost.

Then, ting'd with bitterness, my doleful heart
To Thy Tribunal for redress applies;
Nor rightly mindful Who or What Thou art,
Deprecates vengeance on its enemies.

But, to Thy just Disposal I submit;
For favour to myself, I only call:
On Thee I'll wait with resignation fit,
Thy assur'd kindness will atone for all.

XII.

The beauteous Heav'ns Thy lasting Truth declare,
With constellations rang'd in meet array.
The sea-bound Earth, with verdure fresh and fair,
Proclaims the Wisdom of Thy mighty Sway.

Obedient to the Rules by Thee decreed,
Their course, with set vicissitudes, they run:
And, though they seem to vary, still proceed
In the same order as they first begun.

Nature,

Nature, with all her workings, is Thy book;
The Patent that contains Thy sov'reign Will:
Let me, therein, with close inspection, look,
And ev'ry precept faithfully fulfill.

Strange! with what admiration we survey
The antique labors of barbaric hands;
Which, howe'er slowly, moulder and decay;
While Thy great Scheme fix'd and eternal stands.

XIII.

When, with its charms, Thy Beauty fires my Breast,
Such charms as all my faculties employ,
The bliss it yields is not to be express'd;
A flood of nameless and extatic joy!

By copying my discourses from Thy Law,
I teach the teacher what is just and meet:
The Old their maxims from my lectures draw,
And, list'ning, drink instruction at my feet.

My

My boist'rous passions, by pure innocence,
Strictly refrain'd from ev'ry evil way,
And skill'd to rise and fall without offence,
The sweet effects of Thy great Rules display.

O! how delicious to my thirsting Soul
Are the clear streams of Thy refreshing Truth!
Sweet, as the nectar of the mantling bowl,
That fills, with gurgling joy, th'imbiber's mouth.

XIV.

Thy Word, forth-beaming with a kindly light,
Through the wild waft is my unerring Guide;
When clouds of doubt, as in the gloom of night,
My way, enveloping with darkness, hide.

Bound, by an oath, which never shall be broke,
Eternal fealty I have vow'd to Thee;
And sworn, with constancy, to wear Thy yoke,
From ev'ry link of superstition free.

Place

Place me, false zealots, on the verge of death,
Or, ruthless, take me in your tangling snare:
I'll serve my only Chieftain while I've breath,
And bid farewell to ev'ry trifling care.

He is my heritage, my ample meed;
With patience on his safeguard I'll rely;
And, to His Promises, in time of need,
Born on the wings of Hope, securely fly.

XV.

Ye workers of iniquity, keep off:
Your case I pity, but your lives I hate.
Stand by, profane ones; and forbear to scoff;
While your Great Maker's Judgments I relate.

While He's my shield and bulwark of defence,
In vain your impious menaces alarm.
With Love attemper'd His Omnipotence
Will screen my head from all malicious harm.
Strengthen

Strengthen my feeble knees, Great Pow'r divine;

And grant me boldly in thy paths to tread:

While they, who at Thy Empire dare repine,

In fraudulent darkness shroud their treacher head.

Thy stubborn foes, to their eternal shame,

On trial, shall be base and worthless found:

While they, that hallow Thy tremendous Name,

In ev'ry happy talent shall abound.

XVI.

Employ'd in actions innocently right,

From all approach of persecution free,

Let Thy Proposals be my chief delight;

And my main care, to meditate on Thee.

In ev'ry scene, by Reason's mental eye,

With awful thought, Thy Workings let me scan,

And, ever seeking, evermore descry

New strokes of Wisdom in the beauteous Plan.

O

O Thou, whose Goodness never will disdain
 A suppliant's properly-conceiv'd request,
 Thy deep-laid Counsils to my soul explain;
 That, knowing more, I may be still more blest'd.

Then, with regardless look, I shall behold
 The Sultan's countless treasure; and each gem
 That, set in sockets of the finest gold,
 With sparkling blaze bedecks his diadem.

XVII.

Bright as the Sun, in his meridian line,
 When on earth's lap with fullest light he streams;
 Such are, and with such piercing lustre shine,
 Of Thy all-chearing Truth th' invivifying beams.

From the sweet lantskip of the fragrant fields,
 Each instant, as I breathe the vital air,
 The common blessing Thy Indulgence yields,
 Giver of life, I feel Thy Favour there.

D

That

That brook, that glides; this Earth, that solid stands,
Thy Laws, with properties diverse, obey.
Grant me, obsequious to Thy great Commands,
To act my part as regular as They.

Ah! how excuseless will the wretch be found!
Whose mind, illumin'd with a reas'ning ray,
Lives less impeccant than the stupid Ground,
Or than th' insipid wave that rolls away.

XVIII.

To the unbias'd thinker, that, with care,
Examines ev'ry object, as he ought,
How plainly legible Thy Mandates are!
How within compass of the human thought!

Though, with warm zeal, my spirit is inflam'd
Against the foes to Virtue and to Thee:
Yet, I regard them with a zeal unblam'd,
And only wish them from their vices free.

For,

For, when, impartially, my Soul I view,
How deeply stain'd with blemishes my own!
To other's faults the retribution due
I leave to Thy Determining alone.

Yea, to the secret inquest of my heart,
When, howe'er small, my conscious failings rise,
Of inward punishment I feel the smart,
And tears, unbidden, trickle from my eyes.

XIX.

Be thou, my Soul, whene'er thou dar'st complain,
In awful silence, to thy heav'nly King,
Smooth and untroubled, as the glassy plain,
Which no soft Zephyr brushes with its wing.

To Him, at early dawn, when first awake,
In suited sentiments thy thanks return:
At noon, at night, unfeign'd addresses make:
Nay, constantly, with grateful incense burn.

D 2

That



That He is Goodness, Wisdom, Pow'r, believe;

All three in one: no mystery I deem:

Modestly then intreat Him to receive

Thy sighs, and crown thy wishes with esteem.

O, mighty Author of whate'er we see;

Of all the things that any where exist:

With eager longings I aspire to Thee;

Let Thy kind Grace my weaknesses assist.

XX.

From evil men, as well as evil things,

That I Thy Ways may steadily pursue,

Grant me immunity, O King of Kings,

And all my Soul, with innocence imbue.

What troops of ill the impious man surround!

Whose passions are, alternately, at strife.

See! how, in mind and body both, unsound

He leads not, but drags on a nauseous life!

Not

Not without tears, I view the tragic scene,
With indignation and soft pity mix'd:
But, thanks to Thee, remain, from what I've seen,
Truth, in thy principles, more firmly fix'd.

Still, be Thou Gracious; and whene'er I find
My faculties with languour dull and flow,
Stir up, with some kind hint, my sinking mind;
By Thee inkindled let my fancy glow.

XXI.

The tribe tyrannic, with their hireling bands,
To Liberty and Truth alike averse,
Hate me; because Thy social Commands,
So opposite to theirs, I dare rehearse.

But, let them hate: I, in return, detest
The flatt'ring coin so current in their courts;
Where Folly stalks, with Wisdom's ensigns, dress'd;
And honest labour luxury supports.

Let

Let them, destructively, with bloody toil,
Exulting, prosecute their claims unjust;
Plunder the helpless, and apply the spoil
To feed the flames of their intemper'd lust.

In Virtue's field, true glory to attain,
With arms of Justice, let me never cease,
O Sapience celestial, in thy train;
Whose Ways are Pleasure and whose Paths are Peace.

XXII.

My Sov'reign; at Thy throne, without restraint
From sycophants, with hands held out for fees,
Whene'er distress'd, I'll utter my complaint:
Thy Majesty may be approach'd with ease.

Tremble not lips; nor falter thou, my tongue;
You both, excusably, may play your part:
The Prince that you address fees nothing wrong
But the dissemblings of a wicked heart.

Then,

Then, courage! O my Soul; thy case unfold:
Be thou, to keep his Statutes, well inclin'd:
Such is His Goodness! He will not with-hold
The motives needful to assist thy mind.

If, like a sheep, that innocently strays,
Thou chance, sometimes, to deviate from the right;
He will recall thee gently to His Ways,
Bestrew'd with bliss, and blooming with delight.

F I N I S.



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